

DEAR SARAH

A Play of Letters

From the Letters of Captain Charles E. Barry, 1811 – 1851

Compiled & Edited as a play by Patricia Schwebler & Cynthia Walker, 2014

Notes:

Charles Barry likely read and wrote at a 10th grade level, and often his letters contain grammar mistakes, misspellings, and run-on sentences. As in most personal communications (even today), Charles wrote in a stream-of-consciousness style that is sometimes hard to interpret. In some places, commas or periods have been added to help interpretation.

CHARLES

December 6, 1846

Dear Sarah,

I know and feel, my love, the unpleasant feelings experienced by hearts that love, when the hour of separation arrives. But we must try to overcome them, and by doing so we can disarm them of a part of their poignancy. I want you my dear Sarah, while I am gone, to enjoy yourself in every such rational manner as you may think will promote your happiness.

If you wish to take small journeys to visit your friends, either with or without our dear little boy, I would do so, for I wish you dearest to make yourself happy. Do not think of it as being too expensive, for I assure my love that I shall receive a happiness in the knowing that my exertions are conducive to your happiness. I can only have one regret, that is, that I am deprived by our separation of watching and anticipating all your wants.

While I am now writing and have time, I will take the opportunity dearest Sarah of expressing to you here how happy I have been in your society, and in my choice of a life companion. You have been to me all that a good wife could be, your truthful affections have always clung closely around me. You have ever been interested and anxious for my welfare.

You have made home the spot of all this earth that I most love to dwell upon, and in a word my own loved Sarah, you have been so good a wife that you have made me happy and contented, without one desire on my part, to seek it elsewhere.

I confess to you that I have been perfectly satisfied, without one fault to find or one complaint to make, and I think it is unnecessary for me to express how truly I love you, for I think that I have given your other evidences, that the whole affections of my heart are yours, yes, yes dearest you are the dearest earthly object to me – whether at home or abroad you shall be the “day star” of my existence, and oh, how often, when pacing my deck, in the midst of the beauties of a tropical evening will my thoughts turn to thee.

My love to all at home, and believe me as ever, with devoted affection. Your Charles.

SARAH

December 22, 1846

As this is the shortest day in the year I suppose that I may improve a few moments this evening, to write in my journal – if I may so call it – being my first attempt in this species of work at sea. It is a most delightful evening – the sea is smooth and calm, the weather mild and pleasant while the new moon sheds bright luster, in company with myriads of stars on all around. The sky is a beautiful blue without one single spec of cloud to mar the beauty of it all.

CHARLES

December 31, 1846

I thought that I would write in my journal yesterday, but the wind was fresh and the cross sea was running. Writing at sea is not very comfortable unless the sea is smooth. I wonder if you can imagine me seated in my cabin, my desk upon a little shelf but rather too low to write comfortably.

To make it better, I have laid an India rubber cushion upon the desk and the Morse's Atlas on top of that, which gives an even, smooth surface for the paper to lay upon. This is the last day of December – the dying day of 1846.

SARAH

January 1, 1847

Dearest Sarah,

It seems a great while, and I often picture you all to myself – little Willie sitting in the high chair at the table, looking up and laughing while the children play and talk with him. How glad I shall be to again meet you all, after I have been absent a year. I look forward to the completion of that – and then knowing that I have a good and fond wife to think of and love me while absent, and a welcome smile to give when I return, and besides all that knowing that she is comfortably & happily situated with warm friends around her, and no cares but those consequent upon rearing our dear little Willie.

I will close my January 1st writing by sending you all, love and kisses, with the wish of a happy, happy New Year.

CHARLES

Friday, January 15, 1847

I wonder if my dearest Sarah is today thinking of an absent one and of the connection which this day has with him, I will imagine my love that you cast a wandering thought toward your devoted husband and no doubt wondered to yourself where the fellow could be on his 36th birthday and what he was doing with himself? I cannot but feel astonished when I reflect that I am 36 years old, where have the years glided so rapidly and silently away?

SARAH

March 17, 1847

For the last 8 or 10 days we have had dull rainy weather and added to that, a head wind, which of course made the weather still more unpleasant – but today we have a fair wind and one of the pleasantest days we have had for some time.

I still look for some length of time ere we can reach Bombay, for we have to go all the way from the Equator to Bombay just between the change of the Monsoons, which will give us a large share of light winds and calms – time moves so fast that I shall be both bald and grey by the time I get home. And I don't know as you will be willing to acknowledge the old gentleman with a sun burnt face, as your husband.

Since I last wrote upon this sheet dear Sarah, time has wrought a melancholy change here – our passenger, poor Mr. D. has bid adieu to all pain and sorrow of this world – he is dead.¹ His spirit has returned him to who gave it, and his body has been committed to its ocean grave. What a sad affliction his friends, who parted with him no doubt in the firm conviction that his voyage would renovate his health. I do not think he has seen a perfectly well day since he left Boston. He has continued to fail almost ever since. And it was evident the sea did not agree with his complaints. The poor fellow died without leaving one message, word or request for his friends.

¹ Ship captains were often responsible for handling any medical or dental emergencies on the ship, if there was no doctor on board. Many of Charles' letters include references to "patients" and their ailments.

CHARLES

March 21, 1847

Last night was rainy and squally but today is delightful and this is 100 days out. I do not look for less than 40 days added to it before we can arrive at Bombay.² Last Friday was 14 weeks since we left Boston. The day before had been rainy but Friday was a beautiful day.

At noon Friday, we found ourselves close to the Isle de France.³ We had a moderate breeze and sailed just along the eastern side of the island. I assure you it looked beautiful. The fields appeared so well cultivated. The land rose from the sea in gentle slope to terminate in the background with mountains in fantastic appearance.

² In the 1830s, ice from New England became a popular commodity in Asia and India. While 30% of ice cargo would melt away by the time the ship arrived in Asia, it still turned a large profit. Ships like Barry's would also carry apples or other produce that would be packed on top of the ice in the ship's hold. The apples were kept cold enough that they were still fresh by the time they were sold on the other side of the world.

³ The "Isle de France" is the country of Mauritius. The nickname was officially used when the country was a French colony prior to 1810; but Charles Barry, and likely many sailors, continued to use the term even 30 years after its name was changed to Mauritius by its British colonizers.

SARAH

Sunday, March 28, 1847

As it is a beautiful day (with the exception of its being calm), I think I may venture to write a few lines in my journal, although as usual I have not had much interest to record. We are at present located nearly under the sun, and with calm weather. I think that I may safely record the fact that this is one among many other warm days.

You will see that we are in what sailors call the “doldrums,” a span of light winds and calms about the region of the Equator, between the two trade winds.

Yesterday we were not a great ways from a bank of soundings, and we had several kinds of fish around the ship and among them “Satan came also.”⁴ Further, were three sharks. The shark hook was baited and hung over the stern, and it was not long before one of the gentlemen was safely hooked under his jaw with a stout hook attached to a small piece of chain and was hauled on deck.

I was amused to see how excited and pleased was a young lad on board, his first voyage to sea. They took the shark to the gangway, cut him open, and what do you suppose was found in his stomach? Simply the feathers of a chicken! About 4 hours before, when the decks were washed, a chicken was thrown overboard – and this was the luck shark that found the delicious morsel. Why I mention this is to show what powers of digestion they must have, at this extent, that a shark could not have swallowed that chicken more than four hours, and not a bone, a leg or the last vestige was found in him but the feathers.

When we were off the Cape of Good Hope this boy (Adam) was very desirous to catch an albatross – finally one day he caught one, about ten feet long, and it was sport to see Adam with him, after he kept him a couple of hours he let him go. I suppose everything seems so new and strange to him, that will no doubt make an impression upon his mind that will last as long as he lives.

As this is Sunday I think I must write down how I have thus spent the day, as no doubt a dutiful and faithful husband should do – Ahem!

⁴ Charles wrote quotation marks around this saying, “And Satan came also,” because he was quoting an entry in the Book of Job in the Christian Bible. The general understanding of this sentence is that an adversary enters a location amidst its intended victims.

To commence, Mama, I was not out very late last night, but at home and in bed in good season. At little after six this morning, I went on deck and had a good bath of a couple of buckets of sea water, and a good scrub with a sponge and two coarse towels – after that I walked a while on deck, then took breakfast. After that, like a good Christian, I read several chapters in the Bible, which my dear wife gave me.

CHARLES

March 29, 1847

At noon yesterday we were about seven miles from the island of Analega⁵ and, at 3 o'clock, we were past it. The land was low and covered with coconut trees. The island is 11 miles long and one mile wide.

There was one place where we could see a considerable village, among the trees, and small native huts. But we could not see a single individual walking upon the beach. I suppose they follow the business of making coconut oil, which is almost the only oil used in India for burning lamps.

⁵ Analega is an archipelago of two islands off the coast of Mauritius, with a total area of 9.3 square miles. In the mid-19th century, the majority of its inhabitants were enslaved peoples harvesting coconut oil and copra. The enslaved people were a blended group of slaves from the Madras region of India and others freed from slaving ships who stopped at the island.

SARAH

September 20, 1847

I must tell you, dear Sarah, that I am comfortable as one can be at sea. I have a good crew and officers, a good cook and steward, and my passengers appear to be agreeable and pleasant.⁶ Our ship is rather overfull and crowded, but we all get along very well. Our passengers are all looking forward to our progress and calculating the different parallels to be crossed during the passage.

First, the Equator, then the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena⁷ on the other side, then the Equator again, and after that, the parallel of Bermuda. Then comes Cape Cod and, lastly, the getting of a pilot to get us into Boston.⁸

Both of the turtles we caught died, one after the other, in a most unexpected and unaccountable manner. I had always supposed that they could hardly be killed. But we lost both and, as usual, some of our livestock have died. But we calculate for them to go pretty fast when we first get out. In three weeks, we have lost about 20 ducks and hens and a pig.

⁶ Though the shipping business was vastly dependent on carrying cargo, often captains would offer extra space – for extra income – on their ships to travelers seeking to move around the globe.

⁷ Saint Helena remains a British territory located in the southern part of the Atlantic Ocean, resting off the southwestern coast of Africa. It is one of the most isolated islands in the world at 1,200 miles from the African continent and 4,000 miles from South America. In 1840, the British built a naval station here to suppress the Atlantic slave trade. Between 1840 and 1849, over 15,000 freed slaves landed here.

⁸ Pilots were hired once large ships reached port in order to help the ship navigate the harbor to their docking point.

CHARLES

October 11, 1847

This morning, a fellow came to me to extract a tooth for him. I invariably tell them that I don't extract teeth, and the reason I will not is that this is a thing of no positive necessity. They knew before they came aboard my ship that the tooth was bad, and it is their business to get a dentist and pay for him extracting it – out of the money they would otherwise spend on rum and prostitution.

Later the steward asked if he might take that instruments from the chest. He said that he had pulled teeth before and the man wanted him to extract it. I said yes, that if he was willing to extract the tooth, he could have the instruments to do so. Soon after, the steward came to me with a molar tooth in his hand and a very small portion of jaw bone.

SARAH

October 26, 1847

Since I last wrote in my journal, my poor patient who has been so long sick with dysentery has gone to his long home. He died yesterday and was buried a few hours afterward. He was one of the best men we had, or appeared to be so. He had sailed with the mate before who says he was a first rate man.

He belonged to one of the Shetland Isles at the north of Scotland, where I suppose he has a mother living, as he wished his things sold and the proceeds sent to her. I believe he was a steady man and no doubt was of some assistance to her, whose tears of sorrow are yet to be shed, for perhaps an only son.

CHARLES

Saturday, December 4, 1847

My own dearest Sarah, it is a year today love since I was at home and packing up a few things, ready for a start. And I can assure you, my love, that it appears to me a great while ago to look back upon, and I have no doubt that does also to you. Last Thursday was supposed to be Thanksgiving day⁹ in Maine, and I thought of you and your thoughts as you seated yourself at the table – did it not occur to you, how different from the last?

Then I was at home and we were both very happy – I intended to make a kind of Thanksgiving dinner of it myself on the 2nd, and drink a glass of wine to the absent friends. But the weather was so rough that I made my dinner upon a slice of boiled tongue and a little rice. The day was pleasant and after dinner I went on deck and thought of you.

I often think of you and press the ring upon my lips, by sending a kiss to you dearest one – when it is dell blowing weather I think of you always, with a touch of homesick feeling – for then I am frequently up on deck a good deal, and I let my thought rest with you. I know, love, that your thoughts are often with me, are they not?

⁹ While Thanksgiving was officially established as a national holiday by President Abraham Lincoln in 1863, Maine celebrated this holiday on the last Thursday of November since before 1820.

SARAH

December 21, 1847

4:00 AM – My own, dearest Sarah, I must write to you one word with my cold fingers to say that we are passing Boston Light. I have never had such a bad time there before. But now love, I shall soon be with you, press you to this fond heart, kiss you and tell you how dearly I love you and our dear little boy. The weather is looking bad and we have got in just in time love. I shall write you from Boston as soon as possible. I cannot write more now, love. A kiss, another, and another.

Charles.

CHARLES

Boston, December 22, 1847

My own dearest Sarah,

I cannot tell you how happy I feel being again in Boston and seated at a desk in the hotel, writing a letter to you, love. Your two letters I have received. You are all well, and I assure you that I was gratified enough to hear it. I am perfectly well and happy, and a few shades darker than ever. I shall come home Saturday noon or night.

I send you and Willie and thousand kisses with all the love in my heart. I must close and put this in the post that you may get it tomorrow. Goodnight, love, and, believe me, Your devoted and affectionate, Charles.

SARAH

July 4, 1848

Boston to Calcutta

This is our Nation's birthday and I cannot resist sitting down to write a few lines in my journal, and asking myself, where is my dear Sarah today and in what manner will she pass it? I am sure I can hardly imagine, but from what I can judge of former days, of the kind in the village,¹⁰ I suppose it will pass very quietly away, like most of the other seven days of the week. Your ladyship will probably be at home most of the day looking after our little boy. Last year I was in Calcutta and do not remember paying any attention to the day except calling it to mind.

The year before I was in Boston, all was bustle and parade about the common. I thought that I could spend the day pleasantly, but knew that my dear little wife was at home, not yet off from her sick bed. I knew that I could receive more pleasure sitting by her side. When I reached my own quiet little home, I found my dear, dear Sarah had been sick all the time I had been gone, and glad enough I was to find myself at home and my dearest friend on earth improving in health.

Perhaps you will ask how I have spent this day. For dinner, we had a little soup, sauce and fresh salmon with a couple glasses of port wine. Mr. T. said I ought to give a sentiment in honor of the day. In my heart was "To My Dear Wife," but I could not give that publicly so I gave "Home and Country," and in giving home I was very sure that I gave you, for it is yourself dear Sarah that makes home what it is to me.

I dare say my mate thinks I am an indifferent man about my wife, for I do not suppose he ever heard me speak half a dozen times of you in his life. But I do not forget you love. I love to treasure you up in my heart and all to myself. To love you, to think of you, to almost worship you. I hope in ten days more to have a letter from you, somewhat recently written. And now love I must send you a kiss and say goodbye.

¹⁰ Kennebunk, Maine

CHARLES

July 9, 1848

Not far from Bombay, about 1200 miles distant. You will perceive, dear Sarah, that you and I are again upon the same half of the Earth, that is, the North latitude. Today there is a bank about seven or eight miles from us, and it may be the one we have seen so frequently of late. You must not expect me to write much in my journal now, for this is my last sheet of paper that I have, and it must last me to Bombay. It contains quite as much trash as you wish to read at once. How much Willie must have changed since I last saw him – now more than four months.

I expect you would laugh if you should see me now, for a few days since I shaved off a little of the hair over my forehead. It was getting so scarce and thin that I thought I would shave it off while out in this warm weather – and it looks just as though I wore a scratch or top-piece.¹¹ I reckon you had better take good care of my “wig” – so that I can wear it when I get home.

One more word, dear Sarah – I dreamed last night that I was at home, at church with you. And then I awoke. I thought it was a funny dream. Today a little flying fish flew aboard, indeed several, and I cut off the wings of one and pressed them in a little book, to show you.

¹¹ A “scratch wig” (or top piece) was a partial wig made with hair long enough to sweep back from the forehead and blend with remaining hair. It was typically the color of the owner’s natural hair, to cover the part of the head that was bald.

SARAH

July 22, 1848

There is no worse place than Bombay during the strength of a monsoon. But I feel happy to find six letters awaiting my arrival, two from you. Oh, yes, dearest, dearest. How much I have thought of you, gazed upon your miniature and thought how dearly I loved you.

CHARLES

Calcutta to Boston

January 1, 1849

I sit down at my desk to wish my dear Sarah and our darling child many, many happy New Years. Last New Year's Day, I was happy in being safely returned from my voyage, and I could truly realize how very happy I did feel in finding myself in the society of my dear wife and child. Were you not also happy, dearest Sarah, at my return?

I hardly need to ask such a question for I know how much your happiness is blended with mine and if I am happy I know you are also. You are the life of my life, the constant subject of my thoughts, the pride of my heart and my dearest earthly possession.

This morning it was perfectly calm and the sea as smooth as it could possibly be. Suddenly, I saw something in the water. I took the glass and saw that it was a large turtle – as we came near, I told the mate to take four hands in the boat and see if they could catch him – sailors are always ready for such fun as that.

Lo! There was another turtle, much larger, floating by that side of the ship. In less than half an hour we had two fine turtles on board that would weigh from 100 to 140 pounds each.¹² I thought it was a pretty good beginning for a New Year's Day, don't you love?

I suppose that New Year passes with you, without much notice or observation, as is usual in New England. We have as usual lost some of our livestock, in about twelve days we have lost 20 ducks and hens and geese and a pig. At starting, we had 15 dozen ducks, 8 dozen fowls, 5 dozen pigeons, 2 dozen geese, four sheep, 12 pigs, 2 goats and 2 kids.

That's about all except three monkeys that belong to Mr. Fitzgerald. I will save a little space left on this page for another day, and send you a kiss.

¹² For comparison, many of the sailors (and captain!) on board likely weighed between 120 – 140 pounds each.

SARAH

January 14, 1849

My last letter from home was August 7, 1848. Now it is five months since I last heard and will be over three months more before I can hear from home. That makes eight months, which I can assure you is a long time to remain without hearing a word of those one dearly loves.

I was a little annoyed this forenoon, on discovering that a mouse, with the organ of destructiveness largely developed, had been making his or her propensities¹³ visible on some of my property. As I intend to write very soon again in my journal, I will lay it aside for the present and say good afternoon.

¹³ Uh oh! Mouse poop!

CHARLES

February 6, 1849

You will notice as you read this journal that I have not written in a while. It is not that I've forgotten you. Just the opposite. I pursue my old routine of sea life, my time divided between my usual duties, and chatting with my passengers. As for doing much, that is if you recollect what you used to say to me: "Charles, what a lazy fellow you are, you do nothing but sit in the rocking chair and look at the fire," and I believe I always agreed with you and confessed to the fact.

I have not improved a whit since then. Please practice your mind to exercise a great deal of leniency toward my failings. How pleasant it will seem, love, when I arrive at the old depot and realize that I am again so near home, my dear Sarah, and our little boy. I am not much in the sentimental mood of writing this afternoon, so I will not continue it. But I will send you a kiss and say good afternoon.

SARAH

March 4, 1849

I have been taking a gaze at the dear miniature which my dear Sarah gave to me just before I left home. I often think, or try to imagine, how Willie will receive his father when he gets home – if he will come near, or will he keep off at a very respectable distance, until convinced that there is no danger? Or will he have an intuitive knowledge when we meet that the same blood flows in our veins, and that it is his father who stands before him?

How much pleasure you must receive, dear Sarah, mixed up in all the care and little vexatious trials of bringing him up. I hope my dear Sarah that in another eight weeks, I may be able to participate with you.

I think, love, when I get home this time we will continue to feel less separated than we were the last, and endeavor to feel ourselves a little more settled, for then we seemed to be in a complete turmoil the whole time, from the many circumstances, which kept us for the most part of the time separated. But now, love, every day will gradually lessen the distance which separates us. Today we are a thousand miles nearer to each other than we were last Sunday.

CHARLES

[Letter from William Lord, Sarah's father]

February 1, 1850

Dear Sir,

I wrote you on Sunday evening last, and on Monday morning added a postscript informing you of the event that had taken place during the night – Sarah continues very comfortable and is getting along very well. She will soon get about again. The baby is very well and is a fine boy, they all say he's very handsome. William has been spending the week with us, and us a very good boy, but does not seem to think very highly of his brother.

Yours of the 21st was received this morning. Sarah says she never knew you to write so discouraging. I must confess it looks bad enough, and I don't see that there is much prospect of its being any better soon.

Thinking of nothing more at present, I remain yours truly – William Lord

SARAH

December 15, 1850

My dear Sarah,

As I have a few moments, I will write a few lines and have them ready to send by the pilot if we should succeed in getting the ship to sea. I am in a good deal of trouble with my sailors, who are in a state of mutiny, and are a great annoyance to me. I have so many things to occupy my thoughts, time and attention that I have hardly any time to think of you, dearest, and our little ones. And, with all my troubles, I have to give a thought or two to my own ailments as I do not find my health just what I would wish it to be.

After I last wrote to you, dear Sarah, I had to send in pursuit of my men who were to come from Charleston. After two days tramping about 60 miles from Savannah, the sheriff succeeded in taking all but one of them. I hired boats and men to watch and take them down the river and put them on board my ship. I then cleared at the Customs House and followed down myself in another boat. After paying \$140 for catching the men, they went to work on board.

But the next morning, eight out of the 13 refused to do duty. They weren't going to sea in the ship unless they went in irons.

They would do nothing in their villainy except cheat the ship out of their advance wages.¹⁴ Some of them, I have put in irons one place, and some I have shut up in other places.

We have just enough men to manage to get the anchor up, with all there are on board to work. Then I will try, when I need their services to raise the sails, to make my prisoners work. They will work or starve.

There are the villains for whom people build sailor's homes¹⁵ and give so much in sympathy, when they might just as well throw oil upon a fire, for all the good it does. Nothing will ever

¹⁴ American sailors often received their wages – or, at least partially – in advance, prior to leaving port, so that they could leave money with their families, for whom they were working to support. A common issue for employers, however, were laborers taking the fronted wages but not appearing for work when the ship was ready to depart. In the 19th century, captains had the right to handcuff them and place them in the ship's hold until they agreed to work.

¹⁵ Sailors homes, which still exist, were built as veteran care charities, dedicated to helping sailors and their families.

benefit or reform sailors, except to do away entirely with paying them advance wages before the wages have been earned. And while I think of it, Sarah, I wish you immediately to have your name withdrawn from the membership and as a contributor to the Sailor's Home.

Give your charity in any other way you please, but not to hardened villains. The money which I obtain by following the sea is too hard earned to contribute even one mill upon such unworthy objects. I have never in my life had quite so much trouble in getting out of port.

Think what this detention and expense means to the owners of this ship and cargo, all because of the misconduct of these wretches, to say nothing of the disagreeable necessity of the officers to have to go to sea with only six men on duty and all the rest in a state of mutiny. I told these sailors that, as sure as there was a God in Heaven, they were going to sea in this ship. And if they find me to relinquish what I set out for, when I am right, they will find me different from what I think myself to be.

It causes me to work and have a great deal of anxiety and care to go to sea in winter with a crew in such a state. But I care nothing for that if my health will only hold out sufficiently, so I can be a man, myself.

I would love to see our little boys, Sarah. There is Willie with his red, glowing cheeks and full of life, wishing it were not Sunday, so he could draw his sled about. And little Charlie, I suppose makes his way up to the fire in the grate at every opportunity, giving his mother all the trouble he can, to watch him.

Dear home, sweet home, is such a paradise of a place compared to being surrounded by a lot of hardened, reckless sailors. Now I will bring my letter to a close, dear Sarah, as we may be able to get to sea on this afternoon tide. One more kiss, love.

Your affectionate, Charles.

CHARLES

Monday, December 16, 1850

Dearest, we did not get to sea yesterday, so I shall add one more line to my letter. I shall not write much for I do not feel very well. I have some pain and a few days before I left town, I lost my appetite. I reduced my weight in three days from 126 down to 121 pounds. I have much internal distress and nothing that I have taken has helped the trouble I am having with my liver. Perhaps you will think that all the delays and troubles I have had are because I am going to sea against my wife's wishes. Perhaps this is so, for everything has gone against me so far this trip. Four of my refractory sailors have gone to their work and now I have only three in confinement. Just now, as I am writing, another has wanted to come out and go to work. I have let him do so. I reckon they will all get sick of leisure before long.

We have a wind blowing now that will take us out to sea if it is not too thick outside to see our way out. I think our prospect of getting to sea this afternoon is so good that I shall fold my letter and get it ready to send by the pilot, for he will soon be wishing to get the ship underway. I must have one more kiss, my love, even if it is upon this paper. I will place one, just here, for you. Kiss our little boys for me. How dearly I should like to be home and see the little fellows. My remembrance to all at home.

Your devoted, affectionate Charles.

[FADE TO BLACK]

Show on screen:

EPITAPH ON GRAVE MARKER

The ship never reached Liverpool. There was much speculation as to what had happened; the ship either sunk, or his crew mutinied. We'll never know. He was just 40 years old, **and this empty grave** serves as a bleak reminder of the perils of life at sea.

The fading words that conclude the epitaph on his stone read:

“...And was that then the end of these sweet dreams of home and happiness and quiet years.”